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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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KATE VANCE—EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS.—(For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

THE WHITE PHANTOM; OR, HOUSEHOLD TREASON.

A STORY OF LAND AND SEA.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET CONCLAVE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EXAMINATION BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE—MR. PERKINS' OPINION OF LEWIS' GUILT—THE YOUNG SAILOR FULLY COMMITTED—HIS REFLECTIONS IN THE DUNGEON—HARRIET VISITS HIM—THEIR INTERVIEW—DOUBTS DISPELLED—HARRIET FORKS HER PLAN—DEPARTURE FOR NEW YORK.

Mr. Bobkins was evidently afraid that his prisoner would attempt to escape; for, in spite of Lewis' entreaty, he walked fast, and soon reached the magistrate's residence. They found that a worthy functionary at breakfast, but the moment he learned the nature of the charge he proceeded at once to his office. A hurried investigation of the facts of the case was made, and the evidence appeared overwhelming against the prisoner. When Lewis heard it, he appeared absolutely thunderstruck, and muttered to himself: "Is it possible I could have committed this murder in my sleep?" After a moment's reflection, however, he scouted the idea as utterly untenable, and saw nothing could be done but to abide the issue.

Mr. Perkins, the magistrate, shook his head when the facts of the case were explained to him. Lewis eagerly scanned his face to see if he could detect what was the magistrate's conviction. The first glance satisfied him—he saw that he had nothing to hope for in that quarter.

When all the witnesses had given their testimony, Mr. Perkins addressed the young sailor as follows:—

"Young man, it is my painful duty to commit you for the wilful murder of Mr. Leroy. I had hoped, from your appearance, that some mistake had been made, and that the evidence would entirely exonerate you. I find, however, that the evidence is overwhelming against you, and I am afraid no reasonable doubt can exist on the mind of any one as to your being the guilty party. The whole chain of circumstantial evidence is clearly made out; and although no eye beheld you actually commit the deed; the motive, the threat, the bloody weapon, and your own clothes stained with the life blood of that poor old man, rise with damning voice against you. Should you, in spite of all this, be innocent, I trust that when you appear before a jury of your own countrymen, you will be able to convince them of it. You now stand committed to await your trial at the next assizes."

Lewis' only reply was to make a polite bow. He knew that nothing he could say would have any effect on the magistrate's decision. He therefore thought it much better to remain silent.

He was again consigned to the care of Bobkins, to be conveyed by him to Sing Sing, and there to be confined in the county jail until his trial.

By the time he left the magistrate's office the news of the murder had spread far and wide, and a large crowd had assembled to gaze on the supposed murderer. A hundred different versions of the story were told, and each narrator contended that his version was the correct one. The constable marched with a pompous and consequential air by the side of the prisoner. Lewis maintained a proud bearing, and did not pay the slightest heed to the numerous uncomplimentary epithets bestowed upon him. In this manner the cavalcade proceeded to the river, crossed the ferry, and in due time the young sailor was consigned to the dungeon, thence to await his trial.

Lewis Livingston had been buffeted about enough in the world to make him a philosopher, yet when he gazed on the bare walls of his cell, the iron bed, the small pigeon hole which served as a window, and the cold, bare door, his heart sank within him. The revulsion from a state of superlative happiness to one of utter despair was too much for him and he sat on his iron bed, and wept and sobbed like a child. These tears relieved him much, and he was better able to look calmly at his position. The more he examined it, the more damning the evidence appeared against him; still he was buoyed up by the consciousness of his innocence. He felt certain the Father of all would not desert him in the hour of his affliction, but would point out some way to show that he was guiltless of the fearful crime imputed to him. Harriet Mayhew came prominently before his mind. He could not bear the idea, that the pure, noble-hearted

girl should believe him a murderer; and yet, what must she think from the evidence? Oh! how he longed to see her, that he might with his own lips disabuse her mind.

While he was conjuring up these gloomy reflections, his prison door opened and Harriet herself entered. She had evidently been weeping, for her eyes were red and swollen. The moment Lewis saw her he rose from his seat, and advanced with his hand extended. Harriet, however, did not take it, although she made a movement as if she would do so. She stood and gazed mournfully on the young man before her without speaking; at last she so far recovered herself as to say:—

"Lewis, can it be possible that you have committed this foul deed?"

"Then you, too, believe I am guilty," returned the young sailor. "Alas! my cup of agony is now full indeed."

"What? are you not guilty?" asked Harriet in a voice of surprise.

"Could you have ever loved me and ask such a question? What! is it possible that the suspicion of my guilt could ever for one moment cross your mind? Could you for one instant harbor the thought that my hands are imbedded with blood? that I am a cowardly assassin who stabs in the dark. Oh! Harriet! Harriet! I at least thought you, you would believe me innocent."

"But the evidence, Lewis—"

"The evidence! what signifies that? Did not your own heart tell you it was false. If an angel from heaven had breathed a word to me against your fair fame, I should say it was false! that you were all purity and goodness. And yet, because I was so worthy a functionary at breakfast, but the moment he learned the nature of the charge he proceeded at once to his office. A hurried investigation of the facts of the case was made, and the evidence appeared overwhelming against the prisoner. When Lewis heard it, he appeared absolutely thunderstruck, and muttered to himself: "Is it possible I could have committed this murder in my sleep?" After a moment's reflection, however, he scouted the idea as utterly untenable, and saw nothing could be done but to abide the issue.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

MARK SEYTON AND HIS WIFE—THE NEWS CONTAINED IN THE HERALD—MARK'S ASTONISHMENT—THE VISITOR—MARK AND HARRIET—EXPLANATIONS—A LIGHT BEGINS TO DAWN ON MARK—HIS PROMISE—HIS VISIT TO EAST BROADWAY—DEPARTURE FOR THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

"Have you a long list of patients to see to-day, Mark?" asked Mrs. Seyton of her husband as they sat at breakfast the day after the events related in the preceding chapter.

"Not very long; I shall get through by mid-day. Give me another cup of coffee, my dear. By-the-by, where's the Herald? I have not seen it this morning."

"How stupid it is of Mary!" returned Mrs. Seyton. "I can't get along without it at breakfast-table."

She rang the bell, and the paper was soon forthcoming.

Dr. Seyton opened it carefully, and glanced first of all at the leading articles. These he perused and smiled. He then read the congressional intelligence which, however, did not seem to interest him much. Still less was he interested with the proceedings of the State Legislature. He ran his eyes half down the column, and then suddenly exclaimed:—

"'Eh! what is this?'

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Seyton, looking into her husband's face.

"What a fearful thing—just listen!"

"HORRIBLE MURDER!—A terrible murder was committed in Westchester Co., near Sing Sing, last night. Mr. Leroy, the wealthy merchant, was the victim. The murderer is a young man named Lewis Livingston. He is in custody, and the evidence against him is most conclusive."

"How shocking!" said Mrs. Seyton.

"Livington—Livingston," said Mark, as if trying to recollect something, "why, that must be Harriet Mayhew's cousin, certainly. I remember his name distinctly, now. Is it possible that he can have murdered the old man? Well! I will give up my belief in physiognomy, for if ever there was a countenance more opposed to any act of violence, it was his."

"Poor Harriet!" exclaimed Mrs. Seyton, "what a fearful trial for her! Do you know, Mark, it struck me that she was very fond of that young Livingston?"

"I fancied the same thing myself. It is very strange about this murder—I wish they had given some particulars I have heard."

"What is he?" said Mrs. Seyton, looking into her husband's face.

"He was here interrupted by the opening of the door. A servant entered."

"If you please, sir," said she, "there is a young lady wants to see you. She sent this card."

Mark took the card, uttered a cry of astonishment, rushed from the room, and to Mrs. Seyton's intense surprise, returned a few minutes afterwards, leading Harriet Mayhew herself.

We shall spare the reader a repetition of what he already knows. Harriet in a few words explained matters exactly as they stood, and made no attempt to conceal her attachment for Lewis.

"Dr. Seyton," said she in conclusion, "I have come to you as only friend I have in the world. I am as firmly satisfied that Lewis is innocent as I am that I am now living. I have often heard it said that you had immense talent in tracing any matter out. You see exactly how Lewis is situated. Appearances are frightfully against him, but I have a conviction that if you will take the trouble to investigate the matter, you will prove his innocence."

"My dear Harriet," returned Mark, "I am afraid you rather overrate my power, but rest assured I will do my best to find out the truth; and however strong the circumstantial evidence may be against him, if he is really innocent—"

"Oh! doctor, I know it—I know that he is," interrupted Harriet.

"I have no doubt in the world you do, my dear; but unfortunately, a jury will require some stronger evidence of his innocence than feeling. I repeat, if he is really innocent, I have but little doubt we shall be able to prove it."

"How do you re-assure me? What course do you intend to pursue?"

"That will require a little consideration. But tell me; do you know anything of this young man's life since he left his step-father's roof? It was reported that he died in Havana."

Harriet here related all that Lewis had told her of his adventures at sea. She also entered into the fullest particulars as to the native which had caused him to leave his step-father's roof, giving minute details of the persecutions to which he had been subjected. She progressed in her narrative. Dr. Seyton's countenance first showed signs of astonishment, which afterwards gave way to satisfaction.

"This is much more important than you imagine," said he when she had concluded. "I cannot explain to you why, just yet. The first thing to be done is to visit the scene of the sad catastrophe. I think you told me the room where the murder was committed had not been disturbed."

"With the exception of removing my poor uncle into another apartment, the room has not been touched."

"Very good. I think you said that the young sailor and your uncle had a violent quarrel on the evening of the murder?"

"Oh, yes! several of the servants heard high words between them."

"And yet your uncle was very kind to this young man on the morning of the same day?"

"He was very gracious indeed—in fact, I had no idea that he would refuse Lewis' request."

"There is some discrepancy here," said Mark, in a half-musing tone. "It is not usual for a man to alter his manner in such a short time, unless he has been influenced by some one."

"Might not the request that Lewis made be a sufficient cause?"

"No! he could have no possible reason to object to him as your husband, unless he had heard something derogatory to his character."

"By-the-by, I now remember that Lewis told me yesterday, when I visited him in jail, that my uncle had accused him of being the son of Larkin, a bone collector."

"Exactly!" cried Mark, emphasizing the word, as if it had just fitted a new link in his chain. "Had your uncle any visitors that day when you were sleigh riding?"

"Not that I know of; but stop—yes!—I remember now, one of the servants told me that Mr. Ralph Lockwood had called to see him and had asked to see me."

"Precisely!" rejoined Mark in the same tone of voice as before.

"But I cannot see what this has to do with the matter in question," said Harriet.

"Of course you do not—how should you?" replied Mark, good humoredly. "But leave all to me, and, with God's blessing, I will yet bring the young man off scathless. Now, my dear, you had better return home at once, and I will come this evening. Above all things, don't let the servants touch a single article in the fatal chamber."

"I will see that everything shall be observed as you wish," returned Harriet. "Oh, doctor, how can I ever repay you for your great kindness?"

"None of us dear. Good by! I must be off and get my visits paid, so that I can be free by night."

Harriet shook hands with the worthy physician, and they parted. She soon afterwards left by the mid-day train for home.

Dr. Seyton returned home in about two hours. He did not, however, dismiss his carriage, but ordered it to wait for him at the door. He went into his study, and, unlocking a drawer, took from it the note book which we have seen him use before, and perused some entries made therein very carefully.

"Let me see," said he, communing with himself. "It was about a week back, I think—yes, here's the entry, 222 East Broadway. It can do no harm to pay a visit there."

He shut up the note book, put it into his pocket, and re-entered his carriage. He ordered the coachman to drive to 222 East Broadway, and in a few minutes he gained his destination.

It was a mean-looking dwelling, of two stories. The windows were broken and dilapidated, old rags being stuffed into the panes to keep out the cold. A filthy alley ran on one side of the house, and a low grocery stood on the other.

Dr. Seyton knocked at the door, but received no answer. He then tried the latch, and finding it unfastened, opened the door and entered the house. The door opened immediately into the front room. This apartment was wretchedly furnished. The brick floor was broken and uneven. In a corner, reclining on some straw, lay a mass, which at first glance, would be taken for anything but human; but when the doctor entered, a woman's head protruded from the mass, who asked in a querulous voice what he wanted.

"Does a man named Larkin live here?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the woman, her face revealing the fact that she was under the influence of some powerful narcotic.

"Larkin," replied the doctor.

"What do you want with him?" replied the woman, endeavoring to shake off her lethargy.

"They told me he was sick, and I have come to see him. I am a doctor."

"There's nothing the matter with him—he's out of town."

He drove directly home, partook of an early tea, and by five o'clock in the evening was at the Hudson River R. R. Depot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PEDESTRIANISM IN THE ARMY.—Jim Boulester, of Co. I, 2d R. I. V., and Jack Smith, of Co. A, 7th Mass., recently had a spirited 100 yard foot race for \$2 a side, which was won by Boulester in 10½ seconds, by five feet, although Smith got the lead at the start. For a novice, it is said to have been tip-top. Some \$500 changed hands, as the boys had just been paid off, and sported their greenbacks freely.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY PLAYERS, Boston.—There is no rule by which it can be proved how many points discount is equal to in the game of billiards. It depends a good deal upon the relative skill of the opposing parties. For instance, if Kavanagh were to discount President Lincoln, or any other rail splitter, it would be equal to almost no points; but if he were to discount Phelan or Tammie it would be equal to giving them the game. Savey?

Mrs. O. CONNER, Dundee, Ill.—Your son, Wm. H. Rosford, formerly the pupil of Harry Rockwell, shipped as an ordinary seaman in the frigate Congress about 1861, but soon after deserted and died in the hospital at Montevideo, Argentine Republic, South America. He was buried there by the crew of the frigate. He had no money left him by the government when he quitted Uncle Sam.

G. L. B., Marlboro.—I. We suspect he was, but not having direct proof as yet, cannot say until we get the facts. 2. Coburn has fought three times—once with Ed. Price, Harry Grubbin, and McCole, winning the last two and making a draw of the first. 3. Tom King got the money, and won the fight. 4. About 180 lbs. 5. You forgot to state at what distance.

W. M. L., Brooklyn.—We cannot say that the authors of America as a class excel those of England, nor can we acknowledge their superiority over Americans. In different and specific branches of literature, however, there are those in one country who are to be preferred to those of the other, no doubt.

OTTAWA.—The Goddess of Liberty on the American half dollar, is the head, and the eagle the tail. Before the goddess was put on there was simply a head similar to that on the large pennies, and as there was no disputing that head to be head, it stands to reason that the figure in place of it should be head also.

DRAMATIC, N. Y.—It was a burlesque and was called the "Co-seen Boys." Fanny Herring was Miles, G. L. Fox as Edie. It was produced at the New Bowery, March 1862. You are mistaken, Mr. G. L. Fox was a partner with Lingard in the management of the theatre at that time.

J. T. M., 14th Ind. Reg., Stevensburg, Va.—1. There was no Racing Calendar published for 1863. 2. Stonehenge's Rural Sports contains an excellent treatise on the training of race horses. It may be ordered through Wilmer & Rogers, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets.

BALTIMORE.—We are not aware that the feat of riding 1000 miles in 48 consecutive hours without leaving the saddle except on the change of horses has ever been accomplished. We doubt it, as you see nearly 21 miles an hour would have to be traveled, which is rather too much of a good thing.

SUBSCRIBER, Newark, N. J.—Considering our limited space, we are at present unable to give more to the department you name. When we enlarge, which will be in a short time, then "look out for equals."

Men on Co. E, 130th N. Y. Volts.—"In playing cribbage Jim had a 7, Ned played a 8, making 15, Jim played a 6, taking a run of 3, and Ned played a 9. The question is, can Ned take a run of 4 or not?"....Yes; Ned can.

J. C., New Castle.—There has not been a more recent edition of the work published, we are informed. You might find it in the collection of some dealer in second hand books, probably.

LAGER BEER.—1. Three of a kind, or what in cribbage is called a pair royal, beat a straight. 2. Ten, knave, queen, king and ace do not compose a straight.

MEDICUS.—1. Chloroform is not taken internally. 2. Death has been known to result from inhalation. 3. It is taken as a beverage, either by itself or in liquor.

BEN C. TREMONT.—Harry Broome fought and conquered Harry Orme for \$250 a side on the 18th of April, 1853, in 2h. 18min., and 31 rounds.

NEW YORK JACK.—1. Nine seconds is the quickest time on record for 100 yards by Seward in England. 2. We have no champion runner for those distances; it is an open question.

GEORGE BAKER.—You forgot to send a deposit, so we are compelled to omit your challenge.

ICHABOD.—One four, two dences, and a seven, in cribbage, count four points—viz., two for fifteen, and two for a pair.

GYMNASTIC.—His right name is Patrick Hoy, and he is a native of Ireland.

SARAH, Baltimore.—Katrina, the *dansante*, is with Lea's troupe at New Orleans.

READER, Northampton, Mass.—Tom Hyer stood 6 feet 1 in. when he fought Sullivan. His present height is about the same.

DEAL, Boston.—"What is the value of a straight flush in Draw Poker. Will it not beat fours?"....No; it will beat three.

CRITIC, Philadelphia.—1. About five dollars, if used. 2. We are not aware of the truth of the report.

BILL DONNELL, Bordentown.—They went to South America, and from thence to Europe, where they were at last accounts.

BENNETT, N. Y.—The lady is at present in England, and will not appear in this city during the present season.

CHARLEY HASSEY, Brandy Station.—Your subscription expires with the next issue.

WISDOM, Baltimore.—Sorry for you. Enlargement of the brain is a dangerous ailment. See Webster's Lexicon.

WINK, Alexandria, Va.—Dudley Kavanagh, of New York, is champion billiard player of America.

A READER, New York.—We do not know. Write to the gentleman himself.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It depends altogether on the size of yacht and number of crew.

WHITE HEADED BOY.—1. Soldiers who are citizens of the State of New York can vote. 2. We think not.

NIMROD, Philadelphia.—Butler, of No. 3 Peck Slip, can put him through for you.

DUBLIN MIKE.—We have a letter for you.

AX.—"Spons" and "ad." not received.

E. S. B.—Reserved for our new volume.

J. W. M., N. Y.—Your question is too personal.

P. L. K., Cleveland.—Yes.

F. C. B.—Heenan, 176 lbs. Sayers 152 lbs.

CLIPPER ENLARGEMENT.

OUR readers have already been informed that the CLIPPER is to come out in an enlarged form with No. 1, of volume 12, which will be issued for the week ending April 16th. No doubt many of our friends have noticed what inroads the business portion of our patrons have made upon our space with their advertisements, which have steadily increased from week to week, until we have been compelled to refuse the favors of some new advertisers until the opening of the new volume. We did not anticipate such a rush of business, else we should have made the enlargement with the commencement of the present volume. Once started on our annual cruise, we had to continue as we began, so as not to break the regularity of the volume.

With new heading, new types, new engravings, additional writers, fresh stories, poems, gossip about the show people and old and young sports, etc., we hope to make the coming volume the most entertaining and instructive we have ever issued. We shall use every endeavor to have the various departments of the CLIPPER well attended to, and we shall present the most reliable reports of every sporting and theatrical event that may transpire. As we have been for several years the recognized authority in sporting matters, so are we now the accredited organ of the dramatic and show profession. The movements and business of theatrical and show people all over the country are recorded in the columns of the CLIPPER week after week, the whole forming a complete history of the stage, and a directory for all in any manner connected with the show business. See our advertising columns even now; numbers of theatres, minstrel companies, music Halls, shews of all sorts, have their advertisements there. Managers in want of people, or people in want of engagements, advertise their wants in the CLIPPER, because our paper is taken by nearly every person in the profession. The CLIPPER is destined to be a great institution, not only with theatrical and sporting people, but with other classes of society.

An extra edition of the first No. of the new volume will be published, for we have already received intimations from our agents that an increased supply will be needed by them.

COMPIMENTARY BALL.—The Lafayette Association propose giving a complimentary ball, on the 1st of April at Irving Hall, to one of their members, Mr. Alfred Kreitz, who formerly belonged to the 103d Reg. N. Y. S. Volunteers, who lost his right arm and leg at the battle of Fort Hudson. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation, and trust they will have a pleasant time on the occasion.

THE JOHN SEELY MUSKETEERS hold their sixth annual invitation ball at the City Assembly Rooms on the evening of Wednesday, March 20th. We acknowledge a pressing invitation from the gallant press man to be there. May they enjoy the press of their favorite fair ones to their bosoms in the mazy dance of their hearts' content.

OPENING NIGHT AT DICK HOLLYWOOD'S.—On Friday evening, March 26th, Dick Hollywood, late of the CLIPPER SLIDES, Jersey City, will have a home-warming and formal opening of his new saloon, the "Pastime," Houston street, near Crosby. Sparring, singing and harmony, under the superintendence of Monsieur Guillaume Tovee.

ANOTHER GREAT MATCH.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

To Fight the British Champion.

IRELAND THE BATTLE GROUND.

We have it in our power to state that in all probability a match will be at once made between Joe Coburn, Champion of America, and Jem Mace, Champion of England, for a stake of perhaps \$5000. Mace refuses to come here, but offers to give Coburn \$500 to fight in Ireland, which offer Coburn accepts, although he thinks Mace should give him \$1000, which was the sum offered Mace to fight in Canada. The next steamer will convey a letter to England, with Coburn's first deposit towards binding the match.

This is reliable, as the letter is to be sent from the CLIPPER office, under Coburn's instructions. Joe is anxious to be off, and as soon as a letter is received in answer to the one sent from here, the Champion will take his departure for England at whatever time his representative there may designate. A tried and trusty man will accompany Joe, a man "who has been there," and who is up to all the tricks and traps of London life. We are not at liberty to name the gentleman at present, but he's a good 'un.

See Coburn's offer to the British Champion in another column. This will be an important event in the pugilistic world, for Mace and Coburn are of about one build, and of nearly equal science, Mace, probably, having a trifle the advantage. We shall keep our readers posted on this great match.

With Ireland for the battle ground, the chances for a fair show for each man are equal. Coburn first saw the light of day in the Emerald Isle, and his countrymen there will no doubt see to it that the fight shall be a fair one, and that there shall be no interruption.

HEESEN HEARD FROM.

A gentleman in this city, a staunch supporter of John C. Heenan, received a letter from Heenan last week, the first, we believe, received from him since the fight. He says but little, on account of poor health, which incapacitates him from mental or physical labor. He says he is of the opinion that he was dosed—that he stayed at the house of one of his backers the day prior to the fight—don't know who dosed him, but has his eye on one man in particular—and that he knew nothing of what was going on after the first round," etc. He gives no fresh information, all that he says being known to us before. We expect a letter this week, in answer to some questions we put to him. For the present, we shall let the matter remain as it is. If not heard from soon, John C. Heenan will hear from us. We have heretofore defended him; but to continue his defense, we need our questions answered. Let him attend to this, or we may feel obliged to seek the information elsewhere.

A NIGHT WITH THE SPORTS.—An entertainment for the benefit of a couple of well known sports is to be given in the large hall of the City Assembly Buildings, Broadway, near Grand street, on Thursday evening, March 31st, and from what we have been given to understand, it will surpass in interest any similar concern ever given in this city. The programme, we are informed, will consist of sparring, dancing, exercises with Indian clubs, gymnastic feats, singing, etc., participated in by a couple of score of performers who understand the theory and practice of what they are set down to do. Further particulars of the affair may be learned by glancing through our Ring Department. Those who may be desirous of seeing the principal sporting men of New York, and studying some of the characteristics of the more prominent among them, can have the opportunity by looking in at the City Assembly Rooms on the evening of the 31st inst.

THE FAIR.—Everything looks promising for a great success. The things have been coming in upon the committee with a rush like the waves that "wash the beach at Rockaway." There will not be room for the thousands of contributions yet to come, and extra buildings will have to be constructed. One of the greatest features of the entire show will be the ladies selected to attend the stands, and effect sales. It will be worth the price of admission just to see them in their loveliness and tenderness.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

EVENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Messrs. W. E. Manning, E. T. Blackmore, John F. Poole, Theo. Jacobs, A. S. Prentiss, R. H. Barnes, W. B. English, Frank Leslie, Ned Turner, Johnny Barker, Ainsley Scott, Henry C. Jarrett, and Miss Nellie Howard.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 21, 1864.

When this Lent is over, New York will be in a glow of excitement, in a phrenzy of enjoyment, in a delicious dream of pleasure, such as never before has been witnessed in this city, the great Fair, which is to be opened by the fair on Easter Monday, with the great fair of success, will add to the boisterous population of the metropolis one hundred thousand more, and bring to the city a million or two of the prevailing currency, which will be distributed in every nook and corner of this outlandish and God-forsaken New York. The nets are being prepared with which to catch the gudgeons and their flimseys, and if one of our visitors don't leave us the sickest and most disgruntled chaps ever you saw, it will not be our fault. They will be fed with the worst the market affords; they will be slept in never man was slept before; they will be amused and abused, and treated, and ill-treated, and shown such sights as was never conceived of in the memory of the man that always manages to catch the first shade of the season first. They will have a chance to see the elephant in all its glory, from stem to stern, and from ear to circumference. O fellow countrymen, if you did but know the joys and surprises we have in store for you, not a day longer would you tarry among the "green-clad hills," the "wanderings streams," and the golden fields of your own "primal forests." O, wives and sisters so dear, O, mothers and sweethearts so loved, could you but see the carpeted chairs and glasses, and beds, and girls going into "sprinkly mansions" in Mercer street, on the Points, in the Fifth Avenue even, crushed would be your hearts, and forever blotted your faith in the virtue of man. We drop a veil over the calamity that awaits you and your pretty chickens, as Mr. Macduff called his murdered children. And that puts us in mind of a little squib which we propose to touch off here. Why are "chickings" effectually wiped out here, and why have they no hope of a hereafter?" Anatomists, pugilists, and theological students whose education has not been neglected, may have come across this sockdolager in "Rollins' Ancient History," De Foë's "Robinson Crusoe," "Plutarch's Lives," or the "Three Spaniards." To such we say, pause in your wild career ere you are irretrievably too late, and blow not the gas on one who deigns to call you friend. If the ready answer rises to your lips, breathe it not, "or take a father's curse," as the novel writers say. We'll tell you, Melampeleukiaque readers—Miscegenationists would glad to call you—why chickens can have no hereafter—"because they have their necks twisted in this." We wish our Jim was among 'em; he deserves to have this next world in this, for a more incorrigible boy, in the way of sins, breathes not upon that debauch, mind the pretty talkers say. The other day he came stalking into our premises—after night's debauch—(Jim had the debauch, mind) set himself down familiarly, and planting one of his gunboats in our waste paper basket, addressed the head of the concern thus—"Gov," says he—he always calls us Gov, after a debauch—"I was readin' that story o' yours about the sinkin' ship, 'other day, and I thought it a fuss rate thing; now, if I was in a small boat, and went out to that ship to pick up the hands, and git the reward, why would I be like the Lion Hearted Dick?" If there's anything we despise its red herring and a concited boy. Wishin' to git rid of the debauch, we gave it up at once, as a fellow does the contents of a sea-sick stomach. Says he—"Because I'd be a crew's alder." Before we could aid him out of the presence with the connivance of a big club, he scuttled away under a bare poll—he lost his cap in a skirmish with a clam man—and at the top of the stairway met another devil murching a big dogey, or ginger cake. "What is the best substitute for hunger?" asked Jim of the little boy. In accents as mild and sweet as the dogey was dissecting, the child shouted after the fleeing James, "Wittles."

St. Patrick's day in the morning turned out to be such a fire day in the evening that the sons of Erin came forth in their might, and helped to fill up every place of amusement in the city. The day and the night were alike beautiful, and we never saw "the day we celebrate" made so much of as on this festive occasion. Bryant's Minstrels had about as great a squeeze as they have ever had, and the fun was never more enjoyable. The brides of Garryowen, of Limerick, and of Down-derry-down, were there in full feather, while the right and tight Irish lads who attended them were rigged out in their best, cracking jokes with the comedians upon the stage, and contributing to the enjoyment of all present. It was a happy family gathering, a fraternization of "the orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran thro' each mode of their" biz, and "was master of all." The Bryants are certainly great favorites with the ladies, for when you will, in moonlight, sit in a storm, and partake of many a collieens may be at Bryant's hall. Say the poets—

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By other fingers played it yields not half the tone."

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Have yez bin to this iron structure,
Which so far hasn't met with much luck, sure?

To a people big sin

And freeze all in this huge iron structure.

Real benefits are still the go at Wallack's. That clever actor Chas. Fisher threw out his lines to some purpose, and proved a lucky Fisher after men and women, and small fry. Last week opened with the benefit night of glorious John Gilbert, half-and-hearty John, the announcement of whose night was hailed with a hearty response by a mass meeting of his friends and admirers. Little Mad. Henriquez had a "galloping jam" on the 16th, where, from the sowing of "Wild Oats," she reaped bunches of pecuniary aid and comfort, and many a droll tribute "that in the garden grows." The little thing is much liked, and can't afford a recession. (Spanish spoken here.—En.) Via "Henriquez marches away." Mark Smith also went in for an agricultural display on the occasion of his benefit, 18th inst., showing us how to "Speed the Plow," in which exhibition hundreds of the *habitués* did mark Smith in one of his best characters, and turn him in a good round sum of the things that she, but don't intoxicate. And then we poor, pleasant people, all free from care or woe, in helping on the benefit at Wallack's house, "ver know."

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Amburgh's Menagerie, for the concern will then take to the road, and we shall see it no more forever. Poetry:

Go see the wild beast in his den,
The porcupine, leopard, and wren—
But of all the big things you may see,
Oh, miss not the tall Girafee.

"That's a stunnin' good play," said a celebrated London divin after witnessing a performance of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and we begin to think the man wasn't far out of the way, if he is a minister, for certainly it has attracted a large number of people to the Winter Garden this winter, who otherwise might have spent their evenings with their wives and families at home, or let go their money in some lager beer shop, or "gin mill," as the uneducated roughs persist in calling their favorite haunts. But even a moral dodge can't last always; and for the past few weeks we are in a lack of moral dodgers. "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" has not been well bolstered up by the pillars of the church as he was in the earlier portion of his wild career. Last week was announced as the last in which the misguided "Ticket Man" could be seen by other misguided young men; but true to the "heavenly moral," covered over by that awful play, the moral managers knew at the time that they were guilty of a moral falsehood, for they never meant to take it so farwards till the end of the present week, when Green Jones, and Hawkshaw, and Sam, and the rest of 'em, will read their title clear to a furloong, and vanish from our unobtrusive gaze. Lines on the departure of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" from our unobtrusive gaze:

When Robert Brierly is gone, who will teach us then
How to mend our wicked ways, and shun all evil men?
As he has ever proved to be with Robert Brierly.

There was a fine performance at the French Theatre on St. Patrick's night, and from the large attendance we are led to think some of the Emerald Islanders must have got in there and thought they were listening to the real old Irish tongue. For our part, we couldn't tell the difference between the two "modes of speech." At the end of the first act, one of our Irish friends got up, and in his own sweet accent said:—"Messieurs, je vous souhaitez le bon soin," which, translated into some sort of comprehensive language, means—"Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening." Another Irish gentleman, at the close of a speech by one of the actors, cried out to the astonished player:—"Je n'ai pas compris ce que vous m'avez dit," which in our vernacular is this:—"I have not understood what you have said." There's great fun at a theatre when two such races come together. It wouldn't have taken much to have gotten up a "nate little skirmish" at the French Theatre on St. Patrick's day in the evening.

Simmons, the king of conjurers, as he is called, will exhibit "the blood-red writing on the arm" to us untrified Gothamites in a week, as his first soiree fantastique is announced for the 28th inst.

We have recently salivated over our merciful neighbor last week, and he now froths at the mouth and expectorates like a mad man. We find him, overdone of his favorite calomel, and it seems to have reached the point of the diseased parts of his carcass and stirred up a quantity of filth with which it is filled, some of which has made its way through the proper channels, by the process of salvation. He does not take his kindly, however, in his delirious wanderings, he raves about the success of his little Ann street contemporaries, and does not understand how his neighbor can afford to maintain a beautiful residence in Philadelphia and live in a hotel in New York, while he, the merciful gentleman, with an "immense" income" (how are you, immense?) can scarcely keep his head above water and pay his debts. The trouble is, we fear, that he uses *too much* "steam." We are sorry for our diseased neighbor, and endeavor to alleviate his sufferings by every means in our power; we give him the run of our supplies, offer him good advice, furnish him with editors, and show him how to be virtuous and happy, but all to no purpose. If he does not soon improve, we shall be obliged to hand him over to the tender mercies of the "medical practitioners" who, with a fellow feeling, have made his merciful organ their organ. So keep a sharp look out, Mr. Man. "With renewed assurance of our distinguished consideration," ever of thou.

"Indisposition" is not confined to newspaper "gentlemen" and Italian opera singers. One of our minstrel friends had a touch of it last week—as a minister once said to a restless young lady in his congregation—"If this thing is repeated," we shall call the name of Charley Fox right out in meeting. Charley was so "indisposed" on the evening of Wednesday, March 16th, as to be unable to keep his "end up" at Wood's Minstrels, and was compelled to haul off. Mr. J. Glenn, the alto singer of the troupe, was called upon at short notice to fill the position, which proved it was his first attempt as an end man, he did with much credit. We believe Mr. Fox will be well enough to resume his place this evening, March 21st. Let us hope that he may not suffer a relapse.

Beard forbear is a divine injunction, and for bear we did last week visit Lent's Amphitheatre, in so far as we were desirous of seeing Bruin as a public performer, or as we call him in these high latitudes, as a "highly educated bear." Mr. Wallace has a troupe of trained bears in operation at Mr. Lent's establishment, and some of their dodos are really curious. We have now subjugated the lion, the tiger, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the seal, the bear, and many other ferocious and uncompromising hard animals; we have seen them perform in the ring, and have wondered at their agility and cunning and eccentric notions; but the tamer's work is not yet done, and we shall expect him to bring forth the untamed and untameable fiery hyena, and put him through a course of educated sprouts. What says Manager Lent? Is there no balm in Gilead for bear?

"I was readin' that story o' yours about the sinkin' ship, 'other day, and I thought it a fuss rate thing; now, if I was in a small boat, and went out to that ship to pick up the hands, and git the reward, why would I be like the Lion Hearted Dick?" If there's anything we despise its red herring and a concited boy. Wishin' to git rid of the debauch, we gave it up at once, as a fellow does the contents of a sea-sick stomach. Says he—"Because I'd be a crew's alder." Before we could aid him out of the presence with the connivance of a big club, he scuttled away under a bare poll—he lost his cap in a skirmish with a clam man—and at the top of the stairway met another devil murching a big dogey, or ginger cake. "What is the best substitute for hunger?" asked Jim of the little boy. In accents as mild and sweet as the dogey was dissecting, the child shouted after the fleeing James, "Wittles."

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DRAMATIC.

Mast. Benjamin Holman, the comedian of the Holman Opera Troupe, died, as we briefly stated last week, at the Troy House, Troy, N. Y. He was the 7th inst., in his 32d year of his age. Mast. Benjamin had been ill for some five or six weeks with remittent fever, but was said by his physician only to have four hours before his death, to be doing well and in a fair way of recovery. Consumption of the heart and lungs, however, suddenly set in, and in defiance of the efforts of the most skillful physicians speedily carried him off. In the premature death of Mast. Benjamin, the Holman Troupe has met with an irreparable loss. Possessions talents which were matured far beyond his years, he was a universal favorite, and will be lamented by tens of thousands of admiring friends throughout the length and breadth of the land. A dutiful and an affectionate son, his untimely and has plunged his family into deep affliction, and has cast a gloom around the domestic circle which the soothing hand of time will be slow to remove. His remains

BROADWAY BELOW THE SIDEWALK.

PRETTY WAITER GIRLS

AND

UNDERGROUND CONCERT HALLS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PRESCOTT HALL.

Overstaying our usual hour at the *bal masque* at the Assembly Rooms for the expected benefit of one of the Norton boys and Sandy Spencer, whether we have been in company with one of the grandees of Houston street, famous for her skill at "forty-fives," claiming the name of a famous gladiator, and after tea a *tert* with the cook of the Club Rooms, with slow and measured gait we bent our footstep towards the road which leads to the Battery. Having at divers times seen, and often times heard of poor innocent, harmless fellows, suspected of having a "red sinner," "spark fawney," or a plucky wallet, being set upon and beaten within pistol shot of the lock-up, we are compelled to drag along a cannon, loaded with grape, (probably the writer means a black bottle filled with the juice of the grape) whenever it rains, or the nights are dark. "Twas such a night as this, when the wind and dogs howled, and the cats were telling each other of their love in language of the most excruciating description, that we, "a poor, old, worn-out sailor," sought shelter from the pitiless storm. Nearly every place was closed, except the big dining rooms which here and there did our great thoroughfare, and those looked like Tara's deserted halls, with their chairs turned bottom up, and one or two natives of the African part of New York sitting leaning their arms on the tables half asleep. Where to go to escape the moisture we didn't know—a stranger in a strange country couldn't have felt more miserable on that particular occasion, and that's how we visited the Prescott.

Of all the basement saloons which remained open, Prescott Hall was the only one at that time, for it was getting on towards morning. We had often passed the place, but never heard any of the rounders speak about it, and in fact didn't know whether it was a concert hall or not, although the painted canvas lit up with gas, naturally conveys the impression that it was. Such was our idea about it, and determined to see, any how, what was to be seen, as all the others were closed, we paid the concern a visit.

Prescott Hall is opposite the Prescott House, 532 Broadway, near Spring street, next door to the Cosmopolitan Concert and Billing Saloon, and not over a hop, skip, and a jump, from the well known Brigadier Sam Davis, boss of the Bowery Allays. Besides the name of the saloon, we find the proprietor's name also, Chas. Seydewitz, on the same sign. If it were not that many of the Broadway saloon keepers have European patronymics, we should have passed by the Prescott without notice, because there's no mistaking the sweet Prussian brogue of that man's name. As it was, we supposed it to be like the rest.

To make assurance doubly sure, before committing ourselves we cautiously opened the door, went one eye on the inside, and saw two blooming maidens, which was quite magnetism enough to cause our entire anatomy to follow suit and make for the table and chair where they were seated. Unlike the custom elsewhere, they didn't commence frisking their butts and prancing about like blood mares, but one of them simply and quietly inquired, "Wos wolt thou?"

"Ich can nix for shay," we had to say, for she spoke in parables and spelt and pronounced her words in such a way that with all our skill as a linguist and lover of fair women, it was impossible to tell whether she was making love to or jiving us.

"Vot you dake, sur?" repeated the native of other lands, putting one of her pretty fingers to her lips.

"Walz, Ben, darlin," intuitively replied the person addressed, having fortunately or unfortunately seen a piece of card-board with weiss beer on, and taken the cue from that. The beer was brought in glasses half the length of a man's arm, and looked for all the world like water in which peas had been boiled. If the looks were suspicious, on trying it by taking a mouthful, it fetched the briny into our goggle-eyes quicker than seeing the "Ticket of Leave Man." Accommoded as we are to public drinking, the beverage was new to us, and for an economical nip, one which outlasts a dozen small ales, and is warranted equal to a sedlitz power for "cause and effect," old toppers should give this fluid called weiss beer a trial—it's a high, stops at nothing, but goes clean through. Having a long journey to go and already beginning to feel the effects of the purgative, Miss Katrina was ready to bring some spirits to kill that which was within us. Instead of making a bulky drink by burning the alcohol out of the whiskey and serving it up—pure, undefiled, and unadulterated, like those young sports, Carcy and Hampson, at the theatrical people's house of call hard by Amity and Wooster streets, hang our sister's cat if she didn't fetch along white wine this time; for young men with disorganized diaphragms, this is worse than the other, more tart, aciduous, and acrimonious, which was demonstrated by tasting just a thumbnail, measured out in the bottle's own thumb for size. However, the natives of Germany manage to put away such a variety of "sours" as a puzzle to the natives—sour and sour and brandy sour are all very well, but we can't stomach any of the others.

After an ineffectual attempt to engage the lass in conversation from her limited knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language, we gave it up as a bad job. She mentioned something about Delancey street, but what that something was remains to this day an enigma.

The Prescott is not a music hall or concert saloon, and only for the girls in attendance, it does not belong under the caption which heads this series. It is a good large room, well stocked with chairs and tables and a billiard table. The bar-tender is a diminutive pink haired Teuton, and a man of very few words. Charley Seydewitz is a square-built, stout, broad-shouldered specimen of the genus homo, with iron-grey hair which he keeps trimmed in the Parisian style, and wears a black moustache. About two years ago he had the Broadway Garden. Like Puff, the Bohemian, who was one of Kosouth's body-guard, he was a soldier in his own country and served some fourteen years, and on his return from Prussian and French armies. When our own civil war commenced he went out with the command in the Garibaldi Guard, the Colonel of which, Count D'Ustasey, is now serving the State at Sing Sing for fraud and numerous other criminal offences, but Charley resigned his "commiss" after being there only three months, as it didn't agree with him, and he thought he could do better by keeping a saloon. He has an extensive acquaintance among our foreign born citizens and merchants, and prides himself on his lager, Rhine wine, and champagne. There are not many Americans who go there regularly, although as some take the place to be a similar institution to that of the Opera and Bon Ton, they often drop in for the sake of saying they have seen all the underground palaces.

So that folks needn't go from under the roof to feed, a table alongside the bar is loaded down with bologna, sandwiches, ham, sardines, corned beef, etc., with a dozen or more different kind of pickles. Behind the table is a plate rack, surmounted by a picture of a lion's head with three or four ears of corn in his mouth, and the words Speyers and Bernheimer's Lager Beer painted on it. The signs being somewhat funny, we give a few of them, so that the young fellows may know what to call for, even if they don't know the material it is composed of. Frischer Caviar, Sauce Beets, Gebakene Fischer, Friedcullen, etc., the last two being interpreted, signify fried fish and meat balls, two very aristocratic dishes among the editorial fraternity when they are set type like neighbor Greeley, for instance. Several German and French caricatures adorn the walls, the titles of which you are perfectly at liberty to translate, for we'll be suspended by the name of the need if our acquaintance with the lingo is sufficient to know what a Dutchman asks another one to shrivel him up. If you go to Prescott Hall, you needn't expect music and dancing, but you are sure of civility from the girls, as they are only retained during good behavior, and the moment they commence to kick in the traces, away they go.

SPORT IN TENNESSEE.

From Lookout Valley, Tennessee, under date of March 10, a correspondent, "R. H. J.," sends us the following items:

Editor N. Y. CLIPPER.—Among your numerous friends out here is a certain Major who holds a high position on the staff of a well known Major General: a more perfect gentleman and more excellent soldier it has never been my privilege to be acquainted with. You no doubt know the gentleman to whom I refer: he is an old subscriber to the gallant little CLIPPER, and it is a great institution. *Don't give up the ship....* The next is the veritable Mickey Free, all the way from Jersey City, who is a member of the 33d New Jersey Vols. Mickey is going to have a grand scrub race on Easter Monday (that's the sporting day in the Old Dart, Mickey says). He has sent to New York for prizes to be distributed to the lucky ones. A great day's fun is in store for the "bold soldier boys" of the 1st Brigade.... The result of the great mill between Heenan and King created considerable excitement out here. Almost all of the opinion that the Boy was done; but that as it may, time will tell. In the opinion of your humble servant, he can kick two Tom Kings.... There is some talk among the New Yorkers here of starting a minstrel troupe. It is hard to pass away many an hour. For my part, I would like to take a seat in "Bruder Bone's" chair, and shall succeed. As the mail is about to close, I will have to come to an abrupt termination, and say in conclusion, "Long live the CLIPPER!" (Amen, say we—Eve.)

The following is the programme of the sport above alluded to: **First.** A one mile foot race over 10 hurdles 3 feet high, open to all soldiers of the 11th Corps. Entrance fee, one dollar. The winner to receive all the entrance fee and five dollars additional. The second man to receive three dollars, and the third to save his entrance fee. **Second.** A grand sack race, each man to be tied in a sack up to his neck. This race will be free to "American citizens of African descent." **Third.** A blind bell race, open to all, the winner to receive five dollars. **Fourth.** Mickey Free will walk one hundred yards, and pick up fifty (50) stones, one yard apart, and bring them back to the place of starting, jump 25 hurdles three and a half feet high, hop 100 yards on one leg, jump 6 double hurdles, and run 100 yards, performing the whole in 30 minutes.

KATE VANCE.

This lady was formerly Miss Kate Warwick and has been connected with the drama for the past thirteen years. She made her debut in New York, and was for a while successful, "playing many parts" with credit to herself and pleasing her audiences. She next visited Philadelphia and appeared at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, September 25, 1854, as Kate O'Brien in "Perfection," while that establishment was under the management of Thomas Quinlan. Educated in a school time when the drama was something better than it is now, she stepped upon the boards with a mind and will to make herself an artist if study, application and perseverance would effect it. She succeeded in overcoming all obstacles eventually, and was in a brief period favorite wherever she appeared. After leaving Philadelphia we lost sight of the subject of our sketch until the season of 1862, when we found her attached to the company of Mr. George Davis' Varieties Theatre, St. Louis. There she had been for some time and remained up to the middle of February last, doing leading business for that establishment, and in fact making herself generally useful. Finding that the public at large were a little crazy on the Mazepa business, and feeling confident of her abilities to compete successfully in horse drama, she commenced practising with Geo. Deagle's splendid stage horse Don Juan. Having become "up in the business" she started out on a starring tour, making her first appearance at Cony's Olympic Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., on the 3d of March, as Mazepa, supported by Wm. Derr, one of the best equestrian actors and horse trainers on the stage. Kate Vance is said to be a painstaking, conscientious artist. Her voice is good and sonorous, and her manner, though at times a little stagey, is not devoid of grace. Ease, freedom, and a dashing *abandon*, are qualities that an artist adopting that line of business should aim at. For daring, there is said to be no one who can surpass Kate Vance.

THE RING.

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the WHITE HOUSE, 118 GRAND STREET, where they will always be happy to see all the old faces and others who may favor them with a call. The wines, liquors, ales, and cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. BURNS will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the BRANCH, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in oriental style.

INDIAN CLUBS AND THEIR USES.—We are glad to learn that the Indian Club is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise, concurring, as does, in a general development of the physical system. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the clubs which Coburn exercised with while training for his late fight with McCole, and which were so highly spoken of by the champion. Clubs of from 4 to 8 lbs., \$4.00 per pair; of from 8 to 12 lbs. each, \$5.00 per pair. Dumb Bells, from \$5.00 to \$4.00 per pair. Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER office, New York, or Post Office, N. Y., will receive immediate attention.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AT HOME.—JOE COBURN and JAMES SAUNDERS wish to inform their friends and the public that they have taken possession of the WHITE HOUSE, 118 GRAND STREET, where they will always be happy to see all the old faces and others who may favor them with a call. The wines, liquors, ales, and cigars, are of the finest quality—not to be excelled in the city. PRIVATE LESSONS IN SPARRING will be given by the Champion.

Private classes every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings.

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!—Old Bill Tovee, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express, a superior set of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES to any State now in the Union, on receipt of \$5.00. Gloves CLEANED AT THE shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE, 31st. No. 575 Second avenue, co. of 35th st., N. Y. City.

YOUNG BARNEY AARON'S "STAR OF THE WEST."—202 CENTRE STREET. Where may be had the choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, etc. A rare collection of SPORTING PRINTS on view.

Private Lessons given in Sparring.

ED WILSON, of the Ruins, Weehawken, has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at

No. 16 LEROY PLACE, Corner of Bleeker and Greene Streets,

as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Segars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.

HARRY JENNINGS has made many new improvements in his popular "HOUSE OF CALL."

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON, and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the Bar.

THE CHAMPION: THE CHAMPION!—Greatest Music Hall and Concert Saloon in the City! No. 65 Broadway, between Bleeker and Bond streets. MISS KATE STANLEY, Proprietor. The gaudy decorations, a Hall of sectional beauty, and apologetics of this grand name. Music Hall an unsurpassed in the world. The most attractive and bewitching lady waiters to be seen at the Champion. Superb viands, fit for an emperor. Grand orchestral music. An unsurpassed shooting gallery, under the superintendence of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free! 50-10.

THE CHAMPION BELT OF ENGLAND.—A lively discussion is going on in England in regard to who ought to have "that Belt." In reply to other correspondents "A West Norfolk Man," in the *Illustrated Sporting News* of Feb. 20, says:

"After reading the letter of the 'Lover of Fair Play' and that of our Birkenhead subscriber, I think, as a lover of fair play myself, that I may be allowed to make a few remarks on those letters, as I cannot quite understand why Mace should have the belt without fighting for it. If your Belfast and Birkenhead subscribers look back to the time when the present Champion's Belt was first made, there were certain rules laid down by the committee of that time that no man shall have the belt with out fighting for it, and after it is won, the holder to hold it for a year. I come to you for three years from the date when it came into his possession. Mace did win it, and hold it through his second battle, but how was it in the next?—he lost it. He challenged the winner to fight for it again, but the winner has given it out before the battle that if he won, he should throw the belt up to be fought for by any two men who aspired to gain the highest position attainable by the British pugilist. Your Birkenhead subscriber, I think, is wrong in saying let Mace have the belt: that Mace is a good man I do not deny, but why break through those rules that have always been acted up to when other men have had to wait; for instance, look how old Tipton Slasher threw out challenge after challenge and could get no response. He could not get it without fighting, and he had to wait; he was an older man than Mace, and his previous career as a pugilist was far brighter than Mace's; he turned his back on no man, and he always fought to win. Can this much be said of Mace, that he is to have the belt with all its sacred associations (as the Birkenhead gent has said) won and defended with undying heroism by the immortal Sayers (the very words used by your Birkenhead subscriber) and he could not have said better than defended with undying heroism by the immortal Sayers, who, in reality, did hold it three years. The Farnborough battle was the last battle he had to hold it in, and had it not been for accident it would not have ended in a drawn battle, as in three minutes from the time the police broke in the ring Heenan was totally blind, and then saw his arms will accidentally hurt in the fall, and then his left arm, for two long hours is an iron unprepossessing in the annals of the British Prize Ring. If the boy is to be given to any man to pass to his children and his children's children, who has so great a right to it as Thomas Sayers?"

hear your Birkenhead and many other readers say, Sayers had a belt given him; yes, and so had Mace, and now the subject is brought forward, I say Tom Sayers ought to have that belt to pass down in his family as an heirloom, and I will be one of the first to subscribe for a new Champion's Belt, to be fought for and held on the same conditions as the old one, and may the best man win it, and have as rich a wreath of laurels when he retires as the far-famed Thomas Sayers, whose name will be seen in English history, and well may England be proud of him."

The above argument in favor of Sayers is all very well, although we take exception to some of the statements on which it is founded; but what becomes of Heenan's claim, which is at least equal to if not more legitimate than Sayers'.

He waived his claim to the original on the condition that he should receive a fair simile, of which, however, he has not yet been made the proprietor.—ED. CLIP.

BILL DAVIS, of Nevada City, has challenged any man on the Pacific coast to fight him according to the recognized rules, the challenge to remain open until the 5th of May. He is said to be a clever boxer.

HIT WITH A SLUNG SHOT.—Poughkeepsie Jake, proprietor of the Partridge Music Hall, was struck in the head by some cowards, one evening last week, and is not expected to recover.

EXCITING BOAT RACE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—Tom Kirby, better known in this city as "Tom," formerly one of the Battery boatmen, and Billy Brown had an exciting seven miles' rowing match on the 15th of Feb., for \$200, starting from the foot of Vallejo street, around Yerba Buena, and back to the place of starting a distance of seven miles. The boys had very rough weather, with tide foot against them, but they struggled manfully and made a bally race of it, Kirby proving the winner in 1hr. 12 min., beating Brown nearly five minutes. There is some talk of matching Billy Kennedy, also of New York, against Kirby for a big stake.

LIST OF VOLUNTEERS FOR KERHOE & CO.'S COMPLIMENTARY.

On the 31st of March, the City Assembly Rooms ought to have the largest house of the season, if we may judge by the list of performers. The celebrated young gymnasts, David Dorian, Ed Russell, Tony Hernandez, George Arlington, Ed Montague, and the Quitzow Brothers, in appropriate costume, will go through a variety of athletic feats. There will be a grand assault at arms, or fencing match with foil, by Professors Heintz and Friedrich. The Dobson Brothers, of banjo fame, give some of their choicest solos. Thomas Thompson and Johnny Barry are to have a march dance. Albert Brahms, the great descriptive tenor, and other vocal talent, will give the proceedings a musical tone. The trial of skill with the Indian clubs by Messrs. John C. Maloney, Harry Hill, Joe Foote, Tim Dermody, and Ed Russell and his pupil, Ed Montague, will bring out some rare motions, and be closely contested. The pugilistic feature embraces the names of the American champion, Joe Coburn, James Dunn, Milage Cornell, John Wherry, Jerry Connelly, William McLean, James Hackett, Harry Lazarus, Mike Trainer, Patric Marie, and his trainer, Dooley Harris, (not混同 with Marie.) Charlie Lynch, Dick Hollywood, and many others. The Infant Boddy, a child only six years of age, will make his first appearance on any stage in the Eastern or of Old Virginny. Sam Davis is to officiate as Director of Amusements. The price of admission is fixed at 60 cents to the grand ball room, with a limited number of side gallery tickets, where ladies accompanied by gentlemen can attend, if they desire, at \$1. Tickets may be procured at the CLIPPER office, the Gymnasiums, Hotels, and leading sporting ing.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO JOHNNY MACKAY.—We copy the following item from an exchange, and have no reason to doubt its truthfulness:—"Johnny Mackay was nearly killed by an accident on a tug-boat at Pittsburg a few days ago. A timber-head, to which a chain was attached, gave way, and the line struck two men, and killed them instantly, and threw him twenty-two feet. He alighted on deck much bruised, and the watch in his pocket was dismembered, so that nothing but the case could be found. It was the hardest mill Mackay ever experienced." As Mackay was keeping a saloon in Pittsburg, we fear that the report is too true. Who the two men killed were, has not transpired, but it is possible that their names will be familiar to our readers when full particulars of this sad catastrophe shall have reached us by letter. It was very fortunate that Johnny was not killed outright, as by this there are hopes of his ultimate recovery.

MIKE McCOOL TURNED UP.—A story is going the rounds that the burly candidate for the American Championship, whom Joe Coburn got away with so adroitly, has been challenged by an Unknown of this city, that Mac has accepted the same, and that the fight is to come off near Louisville, Ky. On the strength of this, Michael had a benefit at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the 1st of March. It is very strange, but we havn't heard a word about it—the last story to hand, previous to this was that the Giant had enlisted. Which is correct? We should like to see another big match of some kind, and if McCool is anxious for another tussle in his career he can be accommodated very quickly, and for a big stake.

JIM KERRIGAN'S BENEFIT AT THE STUDYERANT.—This (Tuesday, 22d) evening, Jimmy Kerrigan gives, or takes an exhibition at the STUDYERANT Institute, No. 659 Broadway, when, as there has been a little breathing time among the boys, we expect to find a good house. His bill contains a rare list of names, some twenty-eight altogether, and if they only show, the affair will be a big thing. Toovee is down to compete with any old man who looks like him, and if there be such an one in the land, let him come forth in his might. Look out for the Belcher tie. Fifty cents will take you in.

PROPOSED TRIBUTE TO JOHNNY KERRIGAN.—This young man, who lost his leg in battle while a member of the Tenth Regiment Zouaves, is to be the recipient of a benefit in two or three weeks' time, to come

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FAMOUS AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE



Consisting of
MISS KINGSBURY,
The Dashing and accomplished Equestrienne and Actress,
and

MR. O. B. COLLINS,
The Celebrated Melo-Dramatic Actor and Equestrian,
together with MR. H. B. GATES' highly trained mare,
BLACK BESS,

THE CHAMPION ACTING STAGE HORSE OF AMERICA,
and

GRAY EAGLE.

I am prepared to negotiate with Managers for the production of the best Horse Pieces to be found in the repertoire of any other single Artist or company of Artists in this country.

Managers wishing to negotiate for this celebrated troupe will please address HENRY B. GATES, Business Agent,

50-11th Clipper Office.

BOWERS & PRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS.

The above Company will travel for a short season previous to the opening of their

NEW OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

The Company is comprised of the following Gentlemen:—

T. B. PRENDERGAST,

H. H. Budworth,
F. Wyant,
C. Barratt,
L. Nevers,
G. Remig,
H. W. Walsh,
E. Williams,

J. Blackburn,
T. Simpson,
J. Clark,
E. Fagen,
S. Richter,
H. Thompson,
E. Burnett, T. Jacobs.

We resort to no extravagant "Puffs," no "Grand Outside Displays," we rely upon the merits of our entertainments, and the reputation of the above Gentlemen.

A COMPLETE VOCAL QUARTETTE,

A COMPLETE ORCHESTRA,

ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

Admission..... 25 cents.

48-11th E. BOWERS, T. B. PRENDERGAST, Managers.

THE BLACK BRIGADE.

In the spirit of Battle,

GREENBACK ARTILLERY SWEETS THE HILL.

VALLENTINETTE.

CHAMPION SENSATIONERS,

AFRICAN OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,

The greatest combination of Artistic excellence ever consolidated under one management, and who

CHALLENGE THE WORLD.

To compete with them in any branch of their profession.

BEHOLD THE TALENT!

Commanding the several divisions of this famous Brigade.

N. B. SHIMER.

Major General commanding Amusement Department.

FRANK MONTFORD.

Major General commanding Brigade Band.

EDWARD MAYO,

Major General commanding Brigade in Action.

ADS TO THE GENERALS.

Jos. Kavanagh, George Germain,
F. Eugene Baker, George Gray,
J. E. Mead, C. Harcourt,
Master Henry Gordon, A. W. Roots,
P. H. Hamlin, Master Eddie,

DR. W. P. VALENTINE and MARY CONKLIN,

Generals in Command.

W. H. A. TOBEY, Commissary General.

N. B. "The Invalid Corp" under the command of Corporal TANKEE HILL, is detailed for Hospital Service at

50-11th PITTSBURGH.

ATHENAEUM,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A. MONTPELIER..... Proprietor and Manager.

• Late Proprietor of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio.

T. D. COERIE..... Stage Manager.

Will open for the season

ON MONDAY evening, March 26th, 1864.

The Management take great pleasure in announcing that the Atheneum is now being

Entirely Redecorated,

Repaired, and

Ornamented, and

With Large Commodious Stage and Scenery,

Will be The Finest Music Hall In the Western Country.

Ladies and gentlemen of ability, and well known in the profession, desirous of a good engagement, should apply immediately, as above.

49-24

VARIETIES,

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

JOHN M. KINNEY..... Sole Proprietor and Manager

PHIL DIESPBACH..... Stage Manager

W. G. WALLACE..... Leader of Orchestra

The following well known and talented Artists are at present

playing at the Varieties:

JOHN CLUCKY, the great Jig Dancer;

NICK FOSTER, the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian;

MISS LOUISE BUCHAN, the charming cantatrice;

DAVE WILSON, the unrivaled Ethiopian comedian;

HANK GOODMAN;

GUS SHAW, the Comic Singer, Comedian, &c.

FRANK WILSON, the original essence;

DUKE CHURCH, Bassist and bone player;

MILK ALICE CHRISTIE, the Beautiful Dancess;

FAZEDERHISTER Sister;

the accomplished vocalists and dancresses.

The Varieties is on the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.

Ladies and gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed.

49-12

NATIONAL THEATRE,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WM. E. SINN..... Proprietor.

THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA.

THE NATIONAL will seat Three Thousand People.

The Stage is Eight Feet Deep.

The Company, The Best in the World, Good Talent Always Wanted,

None other need Apply.

Address WM. E. SINN.

WANTED—Six good Dancers for the Ballet; a steady Engagement, and a good Salary.

Apply as above.

49-44

THE BANJO TAUGHT SCIENTIFICALLY, AND UPON

CORRECT MUSICAL PRINCIPLES, by the undersigned, who has

devoted ten years to a thorough study of the instrument, and has arranged and perfected a simple, brief, and easily comprehended method of instruction, enabling the pupil to gain a knowledge of the notes and necessary rules, and at the same time become an expert performer in from one to two terms of instruction. Refers, by permission, to the following music dealers:—W. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway; Wm. Hall & Son, 543 Broadway; S. T. Gordis, 535 Broadway, and the musical professor generally. Address FRANK B. CONVERSE, care of P. C. Campbell, 339 4th Avenue, New York, N. Y.—See Card in another column.

50-11th

INFORMATION WANTED, about LOUIS GITTERBART, a Travelling Musician, who left his home at Pittsburgh, Pa., about six years ago. His father learned that he was at St. Louis, Mo., in the year 1862, but did not hear any thing of him since that time. Any information of the whereabouts of his son will be thankfully received by the subscriber.

50-11th GEORGE BLUMENSCHEIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

AMUSEMENTS.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY,

THE YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, AND TALENTED ACTRESS.

Her Repertoire comprises the following new and attractive Dramas; nearly all of which were written expressly for her:—

PAUL FEVAL'S CHILD OF THE SAVANNA!

ALEX. DUMAS' PEASANT GIRL OF GAN!

GEORGE L. AIKEN'S CAPITOL!

THE LITTLE RAG PICKER!

FANCION AND BAREFOOT!

DUTCHESS OR NOTHING!

INVISIBLE HUSBAND!

MISS KINGSBURY

Opens in Rochester on the 21st of March.

Managers having "nights" will please address until March 31st, 49-11th ALBERT A. WYATT, Rochester Theatre, N. Y.

HER LUBIN,

the renowned

WIZARD, LECTURER, AND VENTRILLOQUIST,

will deliver his great

NECRO-MAGICO-DIGITEXTIOUS LECTURE,

entitled

MAGIC TRIFLES,

with hits

SOCIETY, SHODDY, AND THE DILETTANT,

Introducing, also, INCOMPREHENSIBLE PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS, at POUGHKEEPSIE, on WEDNESDAY next, and HUDSON, on THURSDAY.

Associations, Societies, or Hall Proprietors desiring to engage Herr Lubin, will address, for terms, Station D, New York. 49-11th

THE BLOOD-RED WRITING ON THE ARM.

SIMMONS

THE KING OF CONJURORS.

Is en route for New York

and will commence his

SOTRIES FANTASTIQUE

On the 28th of March.

EASTER MONDAY.

For full particulars see future advertisements. 50-11th

CONTINENTAL THEATRE

Walnut street above Eighth, Philadelphia.

ALLINSON & HINCKEN..... Solo Leases and Managers.

THE POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.

Devoted to the production of

Equestrian and other Sensation Dramas.

Musical Burlettas, Farces, Extravagans,

Pantomime, Ballet, Ethiopian Sketches, &c., &c., with a triple company, selected with great care from amongst the most talented members in the profession.

THE CONTINENTAL SEATS 3000 PERSONS.

Sensation and other Stars wishing nights will address as above. 49-11th

JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

BEWARE OF IMITATORS.

The Immense Success which has Everywhere Greeted

GEORGE H. GOODWIN & Co's

Original Gigantic

POLYGRAMA OF THE WAR,

Has induced some unprincipled persons to exhibit an inferior production under the same name.

The Genuine Picture is now in Hudson, and will open at the ATHERTON, BROOKLYN.

For Two Weeks, commencing Monday, March 21st.

RUFUS SOMERBY, Proprietor.

C. AMORY BRUCE, Agent. 49-11th

JANE ENGLISH'S

ST. DENIS RAVEL TROUPE.

The undersigned respectfully announces that having made the southern and western tour, performing with the most brilliant success in all the principal theatres and public institutions, her spring season will commence on or about the 1st of April, continuing to the 5th of July. Artists of respectable dealing situations, will apply immediately, stating lowest terms, salaries being in all cases sure. Direct at once to my agents, Messrs. Conner & Co., No. 25 West Houston street, New York, or to myself at Chicago, Illinois.

JANE ENGLISH.

EXTRA NOTICE.

TO THE PROFESSION.

Artists in the various departments connected with the Music Hall business, can find lucrative engagements by applying at the Casino, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the New York CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 12 cents per line; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

ELLINGER & FONTE'S GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!

The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.

COL. FOOT.

The Smallest Man in the World, 22 years old, 26 inches high, and weighs 15 lbs.

His Sister Miss ELIZA NESTEL (the Fairy Queen,) 17 years old, 17 inches high, weighs 14½ lbs., and

COL. SMALL.

17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 25 lbs.

Assisting these Wonderful Little People, are the old, Original, and only

CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.

W. D. FRANKLIN, and J. W. SMITH,

Miss M. C. ELLINGER, the celebrated Vocalist and Pianist, and Prof. G. H. BROOKS, the eminent Pianist and Vocalist.

The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.

For full particulars, see Programmes of the day.

48-3m-41st C. G. RUSSELL, Business Agent.

BENE EST SIDERE.

SAM SHARPEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND,

AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE.

THE HEROES OF A HEMISPHERE,

Now returning from their

Fifth Tour in the Eastern States,

Crowned with the Laurel Wreath of Victory.

Having vanquished all opposition, including the notorious, much vaunted, self-praised, and Iron-clad abuse, Zinc-Trunk, Gigantic-Posturial, and Photograph Combination, who, error-stricken at the approach of the Iron-Clads,

FLEW IN DISMAY

From the country, and sought the protection of the British Flag, on the hospitable shores of Canada.

The Extraordinary Success of these

MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,

Is briefly summed up as follows:-

The longest season ever made in the

New England States,

Having played MORE NIGHTS THAN ANY OTHER TRAVELING TROUPE;

THE LARGEST RECEIPTS;

Not only playing to more people in the aggregate, but demanding and receiving a greater price of admission than any of our predecessors, viz.: 50 and 55 cents—thus proving conclusively that the reputation of

THE AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA

Is fixed on a firm foundation in the hearts of the people, and endorsing the Proprietor with the proud title

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MANAGER OF THE AGE.

The Troupe will shortly appear in NEW YORK.

In the meantime the towns in the vicinity will be visited

Prepare for the Crowds

who always rush to see

THE GREAT BAND OF THE UNIVERSE.

SAM SHARPEY,

sole Manager and Proprietor.

FRANK CILLEY, Advertising Agent.

48-3f

RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS,

STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

H. S. RUMSEY, Proprietors and Managers.

C. HILLSBURGH.

O. C. PUTNAM, Treasurer.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.

Consisting of the following Twenty Talented Artists, each one

A Star in his line:-

H. Rumsey, Johnny Pierce, W. Manning,

W. S. Mulay, Fred. Sprung, D. W. Collins,

Ferd. Reinboldt, John Woolsey, J. H. Stout,

Mast. Walters, J. H. Clifford, Harry Perkins,

Ferd. Schwitzer, Ned West, C. E. Rumsey,

J. H. Carlton, S. Lemaire,

Dan. Toms, E. M. Parmee,

Arthur Kennedy.

are now performing at Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, an engagement of 21 consecutive nights, meeting with the most unparallelled success and enthusiastic applause. They will soon visit Toledo, Detroit, and the Canada.

47-4th W. BEAUMONT DUHRING, Agent.

SHOW BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

THEODORE DUTTON,

Begs to inform his old friends, Managers, and the Public generally, that he is now located at the

EMPIRE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

13 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK,

Where he will give his personal attention to the production,

of any style, of all kinds of

PLAIN, COLORED, AND ILLUSTRATED SHOW BILLS.

Particularly adapted for

TRAVELLING EXHIBITIONS,

CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES,

ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCES,

GYMNASTS, MAGICIANS,

TRICK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,

TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,

DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,

POLITICAL CLUBS.

T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business,

the very large assortment of Cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons.

41-1st

INTERESTING TO MANAGERS and AGENTS OF TRAVELING SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS, MINSTRELS, &c., &c.

THE ROCHESTER DAILY EVENING EXPRESS is the favorite Journal among the amusement loving public of Rochester and vicinity.

Connected with the paper is an extensive JOB PRINTING establishment, and Showmen are furnished with Posters, Programmes, Show Cards, Tickets, &c., at reasonable rates.

Showmen patronizing the Express will find that ample attention will be given to their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising.

37-1st

THE WEBB SISTERS,

MISSSES EMMA AND ADA.

Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented

Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of

CLIPPER OFFICE, 23 Henry street, Brooklyn.

42-1st

MISS ADAH ISAACS HENKEL,

THE QUEEN OF THE EQUESTRIAN DRAMA,

is playing her great and original character of

"MAZEPAA"

At

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,

San Francisco, California.

The educated Horses,

SWEEPSTAKE AND KIOTI,

Have been introduced with great success.

WILLIAM T. AYMAR

Equestrian Director for Miss Menken.

45-1st

THOMAS MAGUIRE,

Manager.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 BROADWAY, may

be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening.

Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway.

50

GYETTY MUSIC HALL, ALBANY, is doing a fine business, and has a first class Company. Any Lady or Gentleman, wishing to arrange to play at the above named Establishment, can do so by addressing a letter to SAM FITZPATRICK, 29-31 State Street, Albany, New York. Salary expected, etc. None but first class Artists need apply.

J. H. TREWELL, Stage Manager.

48-3rd

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE.—The above Theatre has been open since last November. The present session will expire May 1st, 1864. Professionals desiring engagements for this next season will address

HARRY GILBERT,

Theatre,

Little Rock,

Arkansas.

47-8th

ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

BEN DE BAR, Leasee.

T. W. DAVEY, Manager.

The above establishment is now open.

First class Stars or Troopers desiring engagements can apply to

47-12th

EM. T. W. DAVEY, New Orleans.

AMUSEMENTS.

MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY, above Grand street.

BEYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.

WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. BOSS, Officer.

SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-BENOWNED

BEYANT'S MINSTRELS,

THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:-

DAN BEYANT, NEIL BRYANT, NELSE SEYMOUR,

DAVE REED, J. B. SIVOR, FRAN LESLIE,

GEORGE S. FOWLER, ROLLIN HOWARD, J. H. HILTON,

T. GETTINGS, JAMES MORRISON, G. S. CONNOR,

W. L. HOBBS, DAN EMMETT, and LITTLE MAC.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.

Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 50 tf

AMERICAN THEATRE,

444 BROADWAY, THE GRAND RESORT OF THE METROPOLIS.

A Succession of Crowded Houses greet BUTLER'S

GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE, Every Night.

The most unanimous tokens of approval, The Press and Public,

Uniting in declaring it THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.

The company is Perfection in all its details.

THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,

THE GREAT PANTOMIMIC TROUPE,

THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,

In short, all that goes to make up THE GIGANTIC COMPANY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.

R. W. BUTLER, Manager.

MONS L. THORNE, Stage Manager.

PAUL BRILLIANT, Ballet Master.